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CAPTAIN ROSS,

IN HIS POLAR DRESS.

(From Mr. BURFORD's *Panorama of Boothia*.)

All who have read Captain Ross' Outline, will feel anxious to witness the gallant officer's *filling in*, of his recent discoveries. The Panorama just completed by Mr. Burford will gratify this curiosity; for, independently of its attractions as a picture, (and these are of first-rate merit and interest,) the Panorama bears the highest recommendation in authenticity of detail. The reader may

imagine that so desolate a country as the scenes of these discoveries could furnish but few, if any, picturesque features which might recommend them to the painter. Such an erroneous inference will, however, be removed by a single glance at this picture, which presents a changeful assemblage of the sublimities of creation. Here we have not merely thrilling regions of thick-ribbed

ice below, but a display of splendid phenomena above. The enterprise of the navigators relieves the desolation of the country: the spectator will not exclaim

" clear, but, oh! how cold!"

for the splendour of the stars and the brilliant coruscations of the Aurora, will raise his thoughts and affections from earth to the silent contemplation of the majesty of Heaven. Such, however, will be but a few impressions on viewing this sublime scene, than which it is difficult to conceive a more awe-inspiring subject for art to accomplish, or the ingenuity of man to represent.

A few passages from Mr. Burford's explanatory pamphlet will best bespeak the interest of the details.

" The present Panorama, taken from drawings made by Captain Ross, has been painted under his immediate inspection. It represents the winter quarters of the *Victory*, in 1830, in latitude 70° north, longitude 92° west; and the spectators are placed in the actual tent in which the gallant Captain passed the nights during his long and dreary journey of nearly 500 miles from Victory Harbour to Batty Bay. The dismantled vessel firmly beset by the ice in Felix Harbour, every part of her masts, yards, and shrouds, on which it could lodge, covered with snow, forms a conspicuous object, and gives cheerfulness to the scene, by affording certain indications of the presence of human beings. The sea around presents one continued field of ice—towering icebergs of gigantic size and singularly fantastic form—immense masses thrown up by pressure, called hummocks, pyramids, cavities, and an endless variety of forms, heaped together in wild disorder, from some huge stalactites, are gracefully pendant; others are surrounded by sparry crystals and brilliant icicles, the prominent surfaces tinged with the most vivid emerald and violet tints, and the most intense blue shades lurking in the recesses, presenting a splendid exhibition of icy grandeur.

" The continent, called by Captain Ross, Boothia, and some small islands, present nearly the same appearance, and are only distinguishable from the ocean, by the bare sides of steep and precipitous rocks, which occasionally rise to a great height, presenting horizontal and perpendicular strata of primitive granite; in some places vast masses are piled with extreme regularity, in others so confused, that they evidently mark some violent convulsion of nature. These dark and frowning precipices, without the least marks of vegetation, form a singular contrast with the pinnacles of ice, and the sparkling whiteness of the surrounding snow. At a short distance, an Esquimaux village rears the dome-shaped tops of its snow-built huts, and a party of these interesting people are

represented on their way to pay their first visit to the ship, whose extraordinary appearance and dress, and grotesque manners, considerably relieve the scene. Beyond, on every side, the eye stretches over one interminable field of ice and snow, whose very barrenness is beautiful, but which conveys a feeling of total privation and utter desolation. Towards the south the horizon is overspread by an arch of bright and splendid crimson light, which was always visible about noon, even when the sun was at its greatest southern declination; indeed, the return of what might be considered day, was always marked by so considerable a twilight, that by turning a book towards the south, the smallest print might be read without difficulty; and the brightness of the moon and stars, together with the reflection from the snow, rendered anything approaching a deep or positive gloom of rare occurrence. The opposite portion of the hemisphere is splendidly illuminated by that extraordinary and beautiful phenomenon, the Aurora Borealis, vividly darting its brilliant coruscations towards the zenith in endless variety, and tinging the ice and snow with its pale and mellow light; the remaining portions of the sky are clear, dark, and unclouded, thickly studded with numberless stars, shining with peculiar lustre; the whole forming a striking and romantic scene, difficult to conceive, and impossible to describe; the awful grandeur and sublimity of which, cannot be contemplated but with the most intense interest, and enthusiastic admiration."

The following account, from the pen of Captain Ross himself, will not be deemed supererogatory:

" The situation of this Panorama, is half a mile northward of Felix Harbour, in the newly discovered country, named by Captain Ross 'Boothia Felix,' and is in latitude 70° north, and longitude 92° west, the land is entirely of primitive formation, the rocks being composed of various kinds of granite, and destitute of vegetation, except in the valleys, in some of which are lakes of a considerable size, but frozen over, excepting a part of July, August, and September. Reindeer, hares, and foxes, were seen here, and two kinds of grouse, and bears were also constantly ranging along the coast. The time at which this view was taken, was the 9th of January, 1830, at noon, after having communicated with an interesting tribe of natives, Captain Ross and his officers having obtained their confidence, by giving them presents, persuaded them to accompany his party to the *Victory*, which is represented frozen in at Felix Harbour, with her colours and flags flying. The ship is housed in, or, in other words, covered over with a roof of canvass, the bow is exposed to view, but the starboard, or gangway side, is protected by a

wall of snow, within which the men usually exercised, when too stormy to walk on shore, or at a distance. The island to the left of her forms the Harbour, and on it the Observatory was erected, and contained a three feet transit instrument, and a six feet telescope, at which an officer is represented looking at the planet Venus; this is decorated with flags, as well as the magnetic Observatory at a more distant point. Beyond, at a great distance, is seen King William's Land, which, since Captain Ross's return, has been so named with his Majesty's gracious permission, as well as the position of the magnetic pole, which is behind the high land to the right of the ship, which is named Boothia Felix, in honour of Felix Booth, Esq. the patriotic friend of Captain Ross, and on the point of which, near a gun, is planted his flag. Going on again to the right, will be seen the village of the natives, consisting of eighteen huts, built entirely of snow; and round the point is Sheriff's Harbour, where the expedition passed the second and most severe winter on this side of the most distant point, called Cape Margaret, is Victory Harbour, distant fifteen miles, where the third winter was spent, and where the ship was left in May, 1832. The next to the right is Isabella Louisa, or Lady Parry's Island, which being nearest to Sir E. Parry's discoveries, is so named in compliment to that distinguished officer; and the lands which close in with that first mentioned, are those visited, after much peril and labour, by Mr. Thom and Dr. M'Darmid, in March, 1830. In the foreground are seen the officers and the natives proceeding to the ship. Illictu, the old man, which had been placed in the front of the natives, when formed into a body, is seen on a sledge drawn by Captain Ross and his party of sailors. Tullooachiu, the man who had lost a leg, is seen on another sledge, drawn by Commander James Ross and another party, the rest of the natives are following, and, by signs and gestures, expressing their surprise at every object which is new and wonderful to them.

"To the South, looking towards the Victory, is seen the horizon, as it is illuminated at noon, as the sun passes some degrees below the horizon, Venus is seen to the left, and the fixed stars are everywhere shining as seen at noon, in opposition, or in the north, is seen the Aurora Borealis, as it generally appears, shooting its pencil rays upwards, or towards the zenith. The tints which these phenomena give the surrounding hills are also given with striking effect."

The Cut represents Captain Ross in his Polar dress: to his right is the position of the magnetic pole denoted by the Royal Standard of England; and on the opposite side is the Victory, walled in with frozen snow.

Of the beautiful execution of the Panorama, description would impart but an unequal idea. The stars are cleverly managed by the aid of tinsel, and their effect is strikingly exquisite.

After viewing Boothia, we mounted, *en haut, en vérité*, to the Panorama of the Falls of Niagara, where the autumnal luxuriance of the wood scenery, and the successful cataract astonished and delighted us.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

"Ignorance is the curse of God; Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven." The human mind, without education or instruction, is, as Addison has observed, like marble in the quarry, which shows none of its inherent beauties, till the skill of the polisher fetches out the colours, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud-spot and vein that run through its body. Knowledge, in the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every perfection: the advantage we derive from it makes us superior to each other.

Among the numerous advantages for the acquisition of knowledge which the present age possesses, none appears more conspicuous than that derived from the great diffusion of periodical literature. The press, daily, weekly, monthly, and yearly, pours out a flood at which all who thirst for knowledge or amusement may have that thirst slaked. The stores of learning, which in the days of our forefathers were only accessible to few, have been ransacked and plundered of all that is valuable, which is now placed within the reach of almost every aspirant to wisdom. The essence of huge folios is now concentrated in the pages of cheap publications, &c., from which, by their poverty, none can be debarred. The era, which was predicted by a great author, has arrived: "when no writer will be read by the great majority, save and except those who can effect that for bales of manuscript, which the hydrostatic screw performs for bales of cotton, by condensing that matter into a period that before occupied a page." That which at the same time pleases and instructs will be generally read; and immense as the number of periodicals may already be, room is still found for the accession which every year brings. It is evident, from the prodigious sale of the various periodicals of the present day, and the favourable countenance which they nearly all receive, that the republic of letters can hardly be overstocked with this species of literature; and it is an infallible sign of their great utility that they are universally spread, and appreciated by all classes from the throne to the cottage. The learned read them for relaxation, the ignorant for instruction, the idle because they require no intensity of thought, and the poor

for their cheapness. It is an undoubted fact, that newspapers, magazines, and publications of the same kind, have contributed more to enlighten the majority of the people than any other cause; and the high degree of intelligence possessed by the middle, and even the lower classes of society in this nation, when contrasted with that of neighbouring countries, may wholly be attributed to the influence which these publications have had over their minds. The great Tully cried out in raptures—"What is there, O ye gods! more desirable than knowledge?—what more excellent and lovely?—what more useful to man?—what brings so much quiet and satisfaction?" How would he have rejoiced, had he beheld the present intellectual state of society in England.

In nothing, however, have periodicals been of more advantage than in affording authors in embryo an opportunity of first trying their powers in composition; like the young fledgling which first essays its powers of flight by hopping among the branches of its natal bush, he sends his first attempts at authorship to the editor of a periodical, and judges of his talents by their reception. In the columns of a magazine the immortal Johnson first appeared before the public.* In the numbers of a periodical, the elegant Hawks-worth originally tried his exquisite talents. Had no magazine then existed, it is extremely probable that the Adventurer, and the exquisite oriental tale of Almoran and Hamet would not have graced our literature; and to speak of later times, it is well known that the genius of Henry Kirke White was, by his boyish productions being thought worthy of insertion in a periodical, principally excited to attempt that which, had he lived to execute, would have placed him among the greatest men of the age. In short, were the motives which have induced most authors to commence writing traced to their source, they would be found to arise from their earliest efforts appearing in periodical publications. They are a kind of nursery for authors; they have rendered almost every soil productive,—even the most sterile has been made to yield something worthy of culture; the various powers of the mind have, through their medium, been brought into action; and the seeds of wit, which, but for their vivifying power, would probably for ever have remained dormant, have been made to shoot into luxuriant and fascinating foliage.

I. J.

[A sense which need not be explained to our Correspondent induces us to omit his last paragraph; though we agree with the remark, "that praise which is deserved, no man should be deterred from giving by the fear of its being thought to emanate from a desire to flatter." Although we omit his commendation, we do not on that account question his sincerity, or singleness of heart and purpose.]

* At Birmingham.

Manners and Customs.

A CURIOUS NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

Sir John Harington, of Bath, sent to James VI. king of Scotland, at Christmas, 1602, for a new year's gift, a dark lantern. The top was a crown of pure gold, serving also to cover a perfume pan; within it was a shield of silver, embossed, to reflect the light; on one side of which were the sun, moon, and planets, and on the other side, the story of the birth and passion of Christ, as it was engraved by David II., king of Scotland, who was a prisoner in Nottingham. On this present, the following passage was inscribed, in Latin—"Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." W. G. C.

The following particulars, relating to the winding-up of Mr. Pepys's accounts, on New Year's Eve, 1666, are given by him in his Diary:—"To my accounts, wherein at last I find them clear and right; but, to my great discontent, do find that my gettings this year have been 5,44/- less than my last, it being this year in all but 2,986/-, whereas the last I got 3,560/-; and then, again, my spendings this year have exceeded my spendings the last by 645/-, my whole spendings last year being but 509/-, whereas this year it appears that I have spent 1,154/-, which is a sum not fit to be said that ever I should spend in one year, before I am master of a better estate than I am. Yet, blessed be God, and I pray God make me thankful for it, I do find myself worth, in money, all good, above 6,200/-, which is above 1,800/- more than I was the last year. Thus ends this year of public wonder and mischief to this nation. Public matters in a most sad condition; seamen discouraged for want of pay, and are become not to be governed; nor, as matters are now, can any fleet go out next year. Our enemies, French and Dutch, great, and grow more by our poverty. The Parliament, backward in raising, became jealous of the spending, of the money. The city less and less likely to be built again; everybody settling elsewhere; and nobody encouraged to trade. A sad, vicious, negligent court, and all sober men there fearful of the ruin of the whole kingdom this next year, from which God deliver us. One thing I reckon remarkable in my own condition is, that I am come to abound in good plate, so as at all entertainments to be served wholly with silver plates, having two dozen and a half."

The subsequent account of New Year's Eve 1662, at the court of Charles II., is also from Mr. Pepys's Diary:—"Mr. Povy and I to Whitehall, he taking me thither on purpose to carry me into the ball this night before the

king. He brought me first to the duke's chamber, where I saw him and the duchess, at supper; and thence into the room, where the ball was to be, crammed with fine ladies, the greatest of the court. By and by come the king and queen, the duke and duchess, and all the great ones; and, after seating themselves, the king takes out the Duchess of York, and the duke, the Duchess of Buckingham, the Duke of Monmouth, my Lady Castlemaine; and so other lords other ladies; and they dance the brantle. After that, the king led a lady a single covanto; and then the rest of the lords, one after another, other ladies: very noble it was, and great pleasure to see. Then to country dances, the king leading the first, which he called for, which was "Cuckolds all away," the old dance of England. Of the ladies that danced, the Duke of Monmouth's mistress, and my Lady Castlemaine, and a daughter of Sir Harry de Vicke, were the best. The manner was, when the king danced, all the ladies in the room, and the queen herself, stood up; and, indeed, he danced rarely, and much better than the Duke of York. Having staid here as long as I thought fit, to my infinite content, it being the greatest pleasure I could wish now to see at court, I went home, leaving them dancing."

W. G. C.

CURIOS BEQUESTS.

Charitable Memory.—Thomas Talbot Gor-
such gave 9*l.* per annum for ever to the
minister and churchwardens of the parish of
St. Leonard, Shoreditch, to keep the grave and
grave-stone of his friend, John Olney, in good
condition; and yearly, on the 24th of March,
the anniversary day of his friend's death, to
distribute the residue on his grave, in sums of
not less than 10*s.* each, to such poor deserving
persons as shall be most constant in their
attendance on divine service in the parish
church.—The same person gave the like sum
for ever to the minister and churchwardens
of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, in relation to his
mother's grave; the residue to be distributed
on her grave, and in manner as above de-
scribed.

Christmas.—In the parish of Great Barr,
in the county of Stafford, a custom was for-
merly prevalent for the rector, on every Christ-
mas day, to give to every person, great and
small, of his parish, that would then come to
his house, as much bread, beef, mustard, and
vinegar, as they could eat; which custom is
now commuted for a money payment. The
rector of Aldridge now gives to every house-
keeper who demands it—in Aldridge, 6*d.*;
in Barr, 8*d.*—which is called custom-money.
The origin is unknown.

Fire-wood.—William Cawley gave moneys
to the Drapers' Company, for the purpose of
buying yearly, for ever, 3,000 tall woods, for

the poor of the city of Winchester; and to
pay 3*s. 4d.* to him that should provide the
wood and distribute it.

Executions.—In 1630, Richard Budd,
Esq. gave to the dean and chapter of Win-
chester 40*l.*, that they should cause a prayer
annexed to his will to be read by a minister
over night to condemned prisoners, before
their execution; and an admonition, thereto
annexed, to be also read to them as they were
going to execution; and to cause the great
bell in the tower of the cathedral church to be
tolled before such execution.

Bell-ringing.—In 1701, the Rev. Richard
Ells, rector of Finmere, in Oxfordshire, de-
vised a close of land, called Rickyard Close,
upon trust, to pay out of the profits thereof a
yearly sum for ringing the eight o'clock bell
in Finmere; the residue of the rent to be
applied in putting forth one of the poor boys
or girls of that parish as an apprentice.—
The parish of Stanbridge, in the county of
Bedford, holds one acre and two poles of land
(given by a donor unknown), which is called
Bell-rope Land, the rent of which is annually
applied in the purchase of bell-ropes for the
church.

Good Servants.—In 1811, Timothy Ste-
vens, of Clifton, in the county of Gloucester,
who had lived forty-one years in one family,
gave the interest on 14*l.* 14*s.* 11*d.*, to be
distributed for ever, yearly, on the 21st of
February, amongst such male and female
servants, being members of the Church of
England, resident in Clifton, who should
have lived seven years in their places, and
could be well recommended.

Bread.—At Tainton, in Oxfordshire, a
quarter of *barley meal* is provided annually,
at the expense of Lord Dynev or, the lord of
the manor, and made into loaves called *cobs*.
These used to be given away in Tainton
Church, to such of the poor children of the
parish of Burford as attended. A sermon is
preached on St. Thomas's day, according to
directions supposed to be contained in the
will of Edmund Harman—the sum of 6*s. 8d.*
being also paid out of Lord Dynev or's estate
to the preacher. The children used to make
so much riot and disturbance in the church,
that about twenty-one or twenty-two years
ago, it was thought better to distribute the
cobs in a stable belonging to one of the
churchwardens, and thus course has been
adopted ever since.

P. Q.

The Naturalist.

**STRAY FACTS. — ANECDOTES AND OBSER-
VATIONS.** BY M. L. B.

Memory in a Dog.

A very sagacious water-spaniel, the property
of a poor labourer, had an inveterate enemy
in a gamekeeper on a neighbouring estate,

who one day unmercifully beat the animal for little or no offence. About three months afterwards, the keeper in going his rounds was slyly followed by this dog, who took an opportunity of biting his heel so severely that he was for some time lame in consequence. This revenge, however, it is but too probable, cost the spaniel his life; the labourer, his master, having, shortly afterwards, the sorrow to find him dead in the very path he had occasion to take from his own village to the next: somebody had poisoned him.

Poison of Toads.

I am happy now to be able to corroborate the statement of *S. H.* in vol. xix. of the *Mirror*, p. 426, respecting the poison of toads. A Somersetshire lad, known to my informant, put his hand into what he supposed to be a rabbit burrow, but which, if it ever was one, had been deserted, and become the domicile of a large toad, by whom he was bitten for the intrusion, and in consequence of which the boy's arm was, for above a week, much swollen and inflamed, and fomentations, wrappings, and a sling, were necessary to restore it. I have, however, met with naturalists who deny that any poison exists in the bite, or corrosive qualities in the spittle, of the toad, though many facts I believe exist to justify these suppositions; but they readily admit that the reptile is dangerous to handle, as its skin secretes a viscous liquid highly deleterious, if not venomous.

On this subject, a near and lamented relative, not long since related to me the following anecdote, which she assured me was well authenticated; whether it was ever published she knew not, but if so, it will bear repetition.

Some years since, it was noticed in Paris, that a number of people sickened and died of a disorder, which, in name and nature, defied the knowledge of the physicians. By and by, it was observed that this mortality only attacked those who, it could be proved, were in the habit of recreating themselves in a certain square, or garden, open to the public, and much frequented; but as the malady did not seize all these, it also became in time noticed that only those individuals suffered who had, for shade or repose, seated themselves, and, in some instances, fallen asleep, beneath a remarkably fine, old tree. Now this tree was not literally a *Upas*, though it had proved such to many unfortunates; but there was at any rate something about it so mortally extraordinary, as to induce particular investigation. It was then discovered, that the tree being old and decayed, in a large hollow near the base of its trunk, a toad of extraordinary size had taken up its abode; and it was thence conjectured that the pestiferous effluvia exhaled from the body of this huge and bloated reptile, had, by tainting the air for some feet around, caused the

death, by poison, of all who had sat beneath the tree, or slept under it, possibly, with their faces close to its hole. The unseemly monster was destroyed, the hole filled up, and no more deaths occurred amongst those who subsequently sat under the tree.

The Blind, or Slow, Worm.

Respecting the venomous bite of this reptile, much difference of opinion prevails: ask the man of science, and ten to one he will say its poisonous nature has no other existence than what it derives from popular prejudice; but ask the rural labourer who, in the course of his occupations, frequently meets with it, and he will tell a very different tale. Residing at present in a part of the country where the smooth, silvery-coppery slow worm is often met with, I have taken some pains to ascertain from individuals of all ranks, and of either sex, the truth of the matter; and the result of my inquiries has led me to decide, in my own mind, that the creature is certainly venomous. I have, in fact, heard too, many well attested cases of persons being bitten by the blind worm, and suffering severely, any longer to doubt it.

Tame Snakes.

A few years since there resided in Cambridge, and, like "the old woman under the hill," if "he isn't gone, he lives there still," an old man, well known as the Duke of York; how he obtained this *soubriquet*, I know not, but his profession was to sell snakes, and he might constantly be seen about the walks, with his cargo in baskets covered with a cloth. On fine sunny days, he would sometimes seat himself on the steps of King's College Chapel, or on the raised grass just under Clare Hall, (on the side which helps to form the quadrangle of King's Lawn,) and taking his snakes from the baskets, suffer them, being perfectly tame and innocuous, to twine about his person, to the wonder and terror of sundry infantine spectators. These creatures were taken by the "Duke of York" himself, and trained to catch mice, &c. for which purpose he sold them to the collegians; and the writer's brother has seen, gliding about the store-closets in the rooms of some of his friends, tame snakes, purchased of this man. The snake merchant, also, kept by him a dried snake-skin or two, which he, or others for him, asserted to be, when bound round the head, a sovereign remedy for headache.

Acquired Taste.

Even animals may acquire a taste,—gastronomic, I mean, foreign to their native habits. That pampered cat will not catch rats and mice, is a fact well known to every prudent housekeeper, not, as she will tell you, that the animal grows "fat and lazy," but because it absolutely acquires a taste for dressed pro-

vision and butcher's meat; we have known a cat who, killing these vermin, could never be persuaded to eat them; another, who when ravenously hungry, never touches a morsel of fat, nor a drop of gravy. A third we have seen eat bread, and drink water, food very contrary to the natural tastes of the animal; a fourth has delighted in raisins; and a kitten has eaten honeysuckles with avidity. A friend taught her cat to sip water from a wine-glass in the most delicate and ladylike manner imaginable, and puss was fond of performing the feat. That a pony should eat apples with as great a gusto as a schoolboy, may be natural, but we should scarcely have credited the fact, had we not beheld it.

Rats.

A large, high hamper of very fine apples stood in the attic of a house, where often, during the night, a tremendous and unaccountable noise was heard. The fruit being at length visited, because wanted for winter use, to the astonishment of every one it was gone, and not a vestige of it remained, save a small heap of cores and peel, in one corner of the chamber. It was then recollected that this old room was infested by rats, and that to them was solely to be attributed the disappearance of the fruit, and the ghostly uproar. The ingenious creatures had, in fact, contrived (though they must latterly have worked, as the tall hamper gradually emptied, from a considerable depth) to stow away every apple to their hole, and the dropping and rolling of the fruit (a large sort) upon the floor, was undoubtedly the sound heard by some of the family, and was probably exaggerated by the silence of night, echoes, and reverberations.

A Cockatoo.

A family of first respectability had long kept a cockatoo, a pet bird, who was occasionally allowed to quit its cage, and range about the drawing-room, but, as far as I ever heard, never went farther, or had companionship with any other bird, though poultry was kept on the premises. One day, the cockatoo, having, as usual, been let out of its cage, was lost; no one could find,—no one had seen, it, but it was supposed it might have wandered into the sleeping rooms, and would return to its cage when hungry. No one had thought of looking under the sofa, but from thence, after awhile, was cockatoo seen to emerge, and it was subsequently discovered that thither it had retired to deposit an egg. How it happened so to do, is, I fancy, all circumstances considered, a question not satisfactorily resolved to this day; by the family, the egg was, I believe, regarded as a sort of *tusus naturæ*, and what became of it and the bird, who never laid again, I know not.

Wild Swans.

There is at Weymouth a small lake lying

beside the sea, and divided from it by a band of about fifty yards. This is the peculiar residence of wild swans, of which a gentleman told me he there saw above 400, and put into flight about a hundred, which was a very noble sight. Here, then, the naturalist might study their habits.

Fighting Nightingales.

A haymaker, at work in a field, heard a great noise of birds, which attracted his attention, and looking towards the hedge whence it proceeded, he beheld a couple of nightingales "pecking away a cat," as he expressed it, who had stolen, with murderous intent, towards the poor birds and their nests. Puss "was having the worst of it," when the man decided the battle by driving her away.

(To be continued.)

THE SEA-DEVIL.

We find the following translation of Le Vaillant's entertaining description of this extraordinary creature in a recent number of Mr. Rennie's popular *Field Naturalists' Magazine*.

In the latitude $10^{\circ} 15'$ north, longitude 35° , we met with a calm that delayed us several days, and in the interval I witnessed a phenomenon, which, though known to our ship's crew, was to me perfectly novel.

An enormous flat fish, of the ray genus, came and swam round our vessel. It differed from the common ray, however, in the shape of its head, which, instead of being pointed, formed a crescent, and from the extremities of the semicircle issued two arms, as it were, which the sailors called horns. They were two feet wide at the base, and only five inches at the extremity. This monster, they told me, was called the sea-devil.

A few hours after we saw two others with this, one of which was so extremely large, that it was computed by the crew to be fifty or sixty feet wide. Each swam separately, and was surrounded by those small fish which usually precede the shark, and which are therefore called by seamen pilot fish; lastly, all three carried on each of their horns a white fish, about the size of a man's arm, and half a yard long, which appeared to be stationed there on duty.

You would have said they were two sentinels placed to keep watch for the safety of the animal, to inform him of any approaching danger, and to guide his movements. If he approached too near the vessel they quitted their posts, and swimming briskly before led him away. If he rose too high above the water, they passed backward and forward over his back, till he had descended deeper; if, on the contrary, he swam too low, they disappeared and we saw no more of them, because, no doubt, they were passing underneath, as in the preceding instance they had

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(The Sea-Devil.)

passed above him. Accordingly we found him re-ascend towards the surface, and then the two sentinels reassumed their posts, each on his horn.

During the three days that the calm continued, and we remained motionless for want of wind, these manoeuvres were many times repeated before our eyes as to each of the three monsters.

I was desirous of catching one of them, in order to examine it at my leisure. But when I proposed it to the crew they treated it as impossible. However, on my promising a dozen bottles of wine to any one who should accomplish it, their ardour was roused; and the attempt, which was before deemed impracticable, was now only difficult.

They all ran to their harpoons, and posted themselves here and there by the ship's side in readiness to strike. A sailor standing near the bowsprit, more fortunate than the rest, struck one of these fish on the back, then, letting out his line that he might have room to beat about and tire himself, he at last towed him gradually to the surface of the water. The animal lay perfectly motionless, and we made no doubt of easily drawing him on deck. One harpoon, however, being insufficient to support him, particularly as it had penetrated but a little way, twelve or fifteen more were struck into him at once, so as to fix him completely; several hawsers were passed round his body, and he was thus hoisted on board.

This was the least of the three, being only eight-and-twenty feet in its extreme breadth, and one-and-twenty in length from the extremity of its horns to that of the tail. The tail, which was thick in proportion to the body, was twenty-two inches long.

The mouth, placed exactly like that of the ray, was wide enough to swallow a man with ease. The skin was white under the belly, and brown on the back, like that of the ray.

We reckoned the animal to weigh not less, certainly, than a ton.

About twenty small sucking fish were fastened to different parts of his body so firmly, that they did not drop off when he was hoisted on board, but were taken with him.

Some naturalists have said, that the head of the sucking fish is viscous on the lower part, and furnished with rough points, similar to the teeth of a file: and, according to them, it is by means of these two qualities, its roughness and viscosity, that it is enabled to adhere to other fish.

"Figure to yourself," says one of them, "a row of nineteen sharp-edged and dentated laminae, placed cross-wise, and issuing immediately from the rim of the lower jaw, and you will have a just idea of the part with which the remora makes itself fast."

This description is exact as far as relates to the figure and number of the dentated laminae; but it places them on the lower part of the head, whereas they are, in reality, on the upper. Accordingly, when the remora fixes itself, it is obliged to turn upon its back, with its belly upward.

I am ignorant whether the two white fish that post themselves on the arms of the sea-devil, and appeared to serve him as pilots, were also of the remora kind. But this at least I can assert, that they appeared to stick firmly to the extremities of the arms I have mentioned, notwithstanding the arms were in continual motion. I must observe, however, that if these white fish had a flat surface, like that by which the remora adheres to other fish, it must have been on the lower part of the body, and not on the upper, since the animal continued in its natural position, and had no occasion to turn over to fix itself at its post.

It would have been highly gratifying to me, if these fish had remained at their stations, and allowed themselves to be taken with the sea-devil, as I should then have had an opportunity of examining them; but the moment the first harpoon was thrown, they let go their hold and disappeared.

I hoped, however, that we might perchance catch one of those that served as sentinels to the other two monsters, which, by all the noise we had made, had not been driven away. Different baits were tried for them, but to no purpose; when the bait was thrown into the water, they came and examined it, and immediately returned to their posts.

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I do not at present recollect that any naturalist has spoken of these white remoras. Yet other travellers besides me have seen them. I shall cite on this head Dubadier, known in natural history for his rare and ample collections of the Crustacea of the Carribbee Islands. In his last voyage this naturalist saw, in latitude 45° north, longitude 33°, a similar ray, which he supposed to be about twenty-five or thirty feet in breadth, accompanied by its two white pilots. He made a drawing of it, as I did of the rays which I saw, and on comparing these drawings, the fish evidently appears to be of the same species.

TERMINOLOGY OF BIRDS.

YOUNG persons and adults to whom the terms used in Ornithology are not familiar, will find useful the following illustrated list of technicalities used in that delightful branch of natural science. They may be applied to any bird in a cage, or stuffed in the Museum; and as such terms are by no means uncommon in catalogues of Menageries and Museums, and are of daily occurrence in general writing, the reader who stores this list in his memory will soon be convinced of the utility of its contents. For the original of the Cut we are indebted to the first volume of the *Magazine of Natural History* :—

Cáput, the head.	
Rostrum, the bill.	
Náres, the nostrils.	
Céra, wax (on the bill)—(fig. 55, a).	
Lingua, the tongue.	
Capistrum, the face.	
Lórum, the lore (b).	
Témpora, the temples (c).	
Bárba, the beard, (d).	
Gilla, the chin (e).	
Húmer, the shoulders (f).	
	Císsum, the vent (g).
	Tectrices, the wing coverts (h).
	A lula spária, bastard wing (v).
	Speculum, the wing-spot (w).
	Scapuláre, scapulars (i).
	Cauda, the tail.
	Tectrices caudis, the tail coverts (x).
	Cruza, the legs (k).
	Fémora, the thighs.
	Tridactyl, three-toed.
	Didactyl, two-toed (y).
	Pes, the foot.
	Natatorius, palmed feet (z).
	Frons, the forehead (l).
	Vertex, the crown.
	O'cciput, the hind head (m).
	Crista, the crest (n).
	O'culi, the eyes.
	Supercilia, the eyebrows.
	O'rbita, the orbits (o).
	Génus, the cheeks.
	Aúrea, the ears (p).
	Cóllum, the neck.
	Nácha, the nape (q).
	Jugulum, the throat.
	Uropygium, the rump (r).
	Interscapulum, between shoulders (s).
	Axillæ, axillaris (t).
	Hypocóndriæ, hypochondres (u).
	Corpus, the body.
	Dórsum, the back.
	Pectus, the breast.
	Abdomen, the belly.
	Ambulatórii, walking.
	Scansórii, climbing.
	A'ile, the wings.
	Rétrices, the tail feathers.
	Armilla, bracelets.
	Digitæ, the toes.
	Greßorii, leaping.
	Préhensilia, grasping.
	lobátus, lobed feet.
	Pinnátus, pinnated.
	Calcáriæ, the spurs.
	Caróniculæ, wattles.
	Inglâviæ, the crop.
	Semipalmátus, semipalmed feet.
	U'ngues, the claws.
	Córnua, the horns.
	Sáccus jugularis, the pouch.



The Public Journals.

SKETCHES OF IRISH FOOLS.

By T. C. Grattan, Esq.

IRELAND has the reputation of having produced a great number of shrewd fellows, and occasionally a knave or two. I can vouch for the quantity of fools to which it gives birth,

or at least used to do in my boyish days, and the good old times before me. I do not mean those ninnies, who, believing well of human nature, trust to those whom they have served, and are deceived the more deeply in proportion to their confidence and kindness; nor yet those swaggering, rollicking, foolish fellows who get drunk and swear—

"Who kiss the girls and coax them,
And spend their money free?"

and thus end by ruining themselves, as they had previously ruined others; but those lamentable abortions of intellect, by courtesy called "innocents" or "naturals," but in plain speaking designated "born idiots," varying in degree, from the slavering baby, propped in a rush-bottomed chair, to the aged and mind-palsied object, stretched on straw by the road side, to disgust and pain the traveller—to fill his eyes and drain his pockets.

It is incontestable that Ireland is more fertile than any other country in what is generally called folly; folly in all its Proteus forms, but specially of that humiliating sort I have just alluded to. I am almost inclined to think that it is quite a matter of chance whether any given Irish infant turn out a wise or a foolish man. And in the majority of adults it is hard to say to which category they belong. They, almost without exception, seem to hover through life between the two attractions; and in nine cases out of ten a feather would turn the beam. It is this uncertainty which gives such a racy flavour to Irish humour, and such picturesqueness to Irish conduct. Other nations scarcely know how to estimate us. Our fools perpetually say the shrewdest things; our wise men constantly do the most foolish.

In the whole neighbourhood of my early life there was scarcely a gentleman's house that had not attached to it a semi-intelligent, half-witted *omadhaun*, who was the knife-cleaner, yard-sweeper, cow-caller, pig-feeder—the servant of the servants, the link between the men and beasts of the establishment. These beings did not hold their tenures, like the court-jesters of former days, by forcing jokes for the amusement of those who should have been their betters; or by pandering to the licentiousness of those whose knavery was in a direct ratio with *their* folly;—but merely by doing the dirty work of the house, not the court; and sometimes, perhaps, being the medium of a platonic intercourse between the butler and the cook, or other friends and *loveyers*, as the case might be. They always fed on the leavings of the kitchen-table, slept in an out-house, went bare-legged and bare-headed; and whether young, old, or middle-aged, were respectively called "the *b'y*." Of all those *boys* whom I can now call to memory, I scarcely recollect an exception that exceeded five feet in height, or that had not flaxen-coloured hair, and light-blue eyes. I now speak of the "born" animals, who "wore motley in their brain," by some unfathomable secret of nature. Those who gained enrolment into the corps by the palpable agencies of whiskey, shillelah, or love-powders, were of all sizes and complexions.

It was curious to mark the accuracy with

which the poor stunted *omadhauns* did the duties of their respective stations. These were limited, no doubt; but they required the certain exercise of faculties, the exact definition of which I leave to those more deeply learned in "discourse of reason." The turn-spit could tell to a minute when the joint was properly roasted; the cow-boy knew to a nicety the moment for milking; the somewhat higher grade of being intrusted with the letter-bag never missed the mail as it passed the avenue gate, or was after time at the post-office in the village, to which he cut across through bog and brake, by twists and turnings that would have puzzled the very hares he used to kick up from their forms as he scudded along.

I have heard of affecting instances of fidelity in these poor creatures. A wealthy and better sort of farmer was for three days missing in the ruthless times that succeeded the Rebellion of 1798. Mat, his half-witted cowboy, or, more technically speaking, "the *b'y*," had been missing at the same time, and was absurdly suspected of having made away with his master. But, on the fourth morning of the search, the poor *omadhaun* was found stretched beside the farmer's murdered body, in a lonely island in the bog of Allan, actually dying of starvation from his long watch by the corpse, which he would not quit, from the moment he stumbled on it in one of his wanderings, and did not attempt to remove from excessive sorrow acting on want of sense.

Several touching instances of this kind are strong in my memory.

An idiot in our neighbourhood, who bore the curious cognomen of "Godsham," having, in one of the deadly visitations of "the faver," lost his mother, by whom he had been reared in all the bleak indulgences of beggary, carried to her narrow bed, on every day for many months after her death, his snatched and scanty meal, and, dividing it into equal parts, made holes in the turf, and obtruded the food into them, that she might, as when living, partake of his repast. I have seen him, when the rain poured down in torrents, strip off his coat to cover the grave, and have heard him address the most affectionate complaints to her, whom he supposed to be listening to them, for her obstinacy in not speaking to him. The sublime and the ridiculous had here no step between them.

"Arrah, then, mother dear, why won't you come back home wid me agin? Why, then, sure the devil is busy wid you, to be lying out here, ketching your death of cold in the open air! It's yourself that did not use to be such an ould runt of a foot; whatever's comed over you of late? Arrah! swop a word wid me, mother jewl', if it's only to call me a 'madhaun,' as you used to do; and more shame for you, when I'm a nate, clane, sissible *b'y*. Here's a pinch of snuff I've brought

you, any how, and a drop o' the crauthor this could evening, and much good may it do you wid it, mother avich!" * * *

As he spoke he made holes at the head of the mound, putting in the snuff and pouring the whisky from his little phial into that part where he judged the face to be; and, though much addicted to that treacherous comforter of the wretched and the poor, he would not even taste what he had appropriated to his mother, while all his plaints, lamentations, and reproaches were thus poured into "the cold, dull ear of death."

And now, in illustration of the beautiful lines on Irish character, by Ireland's best poet—I need not quote his name, and I grieve to say that I forget the verses—let us, “like the bird that sings in the sunshine, shaking the cold shower from its wings,” turn from this sad strain of recollection into one of a less painful kind.

The housekeeper of the parish priest had a son, who was one of these debatable examples of semi-rationality. His head never had room for more than one idea at a time; nor could his memory well retain more than one sentence, and that a short one, and he found even that of very difficult utterance. He was, nevertheless, frequently employed by his mother to go on errands. She was one day making hog's puddings; and, wanting pepper and allspice to season the ingredients, she desired her son to go to the grocer's, in the neighbouring village, and bring her back a supply of both. “Be sure you don't forget,” said she; and not being skilled in calligraphy, she had no means left for security but to make him repeat the words over and over again, and to desire him to continue to do so unceasingly until he arrived at the grocer's. Poor Thady accordingly set off at a brisk trot, repeating to himself, as he went along, “pepper and allspice—pepper and allspice—pepper and allspice,” until, having overlooked a stone which lay in his path, he tripped against it, lost his equilibrium, and measured his length on the ground. He arose in a minute; but the shock had been enough to dislodge the recollection of his commission. Scratching his head, he tried to recall the words; but there was no clue to the dark and dismal labyrinth within. Everything there was at random; but a shake of the mental kaleidoscope brought a new formation to life, and “pitch and rosin” were the two words that suggested themselves. These he continued to repeat as industriously as he had done the others, until he entered the grocer's shop, where he muttered, by way of explanation, “Mammy-hog's pudding—pitch and rosin.” The grocer, with marvellous perception for matter-of-fact, and knowing the freaks of poor Thady's fancy, guessed what he wanted, and sent back the articles at haphazard. In a short time after, the priest's shepherd was about to mark

his fleecy flock, and he desired Thady to go to the same shop, in search of pitch and rosin for the operation. And sure enough Thady trotted off, repeating the two words, until, having met a person who detained him a moment on the road in conversation, he, of course, forgot them; and, by the occult trickeries of idiot association, he now began repeating “pepper and allspice—pepper and allspice,” which he demanded at the shop, in conjunction with some imperfect mention of the priest's sheep. And here again his mistake was rectified by the intelligent shopman, who sent back the requisite materials; but so completely was the confusion of hogs and sheep established in poor Thady's cranium, that from that day he could never comprehend the distinction between black puddings and mutton chops.

An idea prevails in Ireland that the real swinish multitude, like many of their too-resembling biped brethren, by analogy so called, are much benefited by immersion in the sea; and when the “salt water,” as it is poetically called in our country, cannot be conveniently reached, the river is held to be “convenient.” The pigs of the priest aforesaid were one day driven forth by the housekeeper, faithfully assisted by Thady, and, albeit unwilling to encounter the liquid element, were, *nolentes volentes*, driven into the gently-flowing Barrow. But one of the most rotund and sleek was selected by Madame Mère as a fit sacrifice to her cupidity, and she ordered Thady to keep its head under water, until suffocation ensued, telling him it was to make the pig sleep. In a short time after, Thady entered a cottage by the river's bank, and the good wife having to prepare her husband's dinner, requested Thady to rock the cradle of her crying child. He obeyed her orders for some time, but finding the urchin inconveniently insomnolent, he ran to the mother, and, by a mixture of words and signs, contrived to tell her that he knew of a certain mode of making it quiet, which was to dip it in the river, and hold its head under water; and, added he, with a knowing wink, “Salt it and eat it—salt it and eat it—like mammy and me—mammy and me—with the priest's pig—with the priest's pig.” This led to a discovery of the trick and the theft practised by the housekeeper, who was in consequence discharged from the Priory, and who, ever after, declared “there was no one so ‘cute as a fool.”

The fools of a country town are widely different from the pastoral idiots of the mere champaign. Even the domestic *smadhauns* of “the hall,” or “the park,” or “the lodge,” formerly spoken of, had a singleness of character, if we may call it so, that marked them to be truly genuine unsophisticated asses. But the very instinct which leads a fool to live in a town proves him to be tainted with the corruption of good sense; not one of the

"innocents" could breathe in the atmosphere of a city. Who ever saw a genuine fool within the bills of mortality? Civilization is the very Herod of our days. There was a queer look, a half-open leer, a glance of business, about all the creatures I now treat of, which seemed to say, as plainly as the exquisite animal of "The Twelfth Night," "Well, God gives them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools let them use their talents." And when their object was gained, when the piece of money fell into the ready palm, and they turned away with a grin, or a stare, or a scowl, of downright covetousness, every feature seemed to express, "Marry, Sir, lullaby to your bounty—*till I come again!*"

Chief among the crowd of these beings were some half-dozen, who bore the following names and titles:—Brodigan the Pump-boer, Copper-nosed Jack, Dancing Denny, Bill Woods, and John King.

The first of these was a fellow who had his leg broken and his skull cracked in a row with the faction of the Tuomys, when a young man, and who carried lameness and that spurious sort of idiocy I have endeavoured to describe, far into middle life, at which stage of his existence I first saw him. He was an awful object to look at—squalid, hairy, and wild, with a vacant gaze of desperation, as if the memory of the fight still haunted, like a spectre, the ruins of the mind it had destroyed. He did nothing from morn till night but swagger up and down the middle of the street, throwing his curved leg out as if in defiance, growling and cursing, and brandishing a blackthorn stick over his head with one hand, while with the other he swept up the ragged tail of the loose great-coat which floated round him—his only *rational* words being, "Five pound for a Tuomy! Tin pound for a Tuomy! Brodigan a boo! Whoop!" Every penny he received was immediately expended in whiskey; but the great quantity he drank seemed to do him neither good nor harm.

How Copper-nosed Jack acquired his nickname I really do not know. The particular feature in question was an eagle-beak, and the eyes above it were of a glassy consistency, but they had no need to be transparent, as there was nothing to be seen within them. This was a biped of most extraordinary activity, a harmless fellow, who either had no more lungs than fish, or as much as would have filled a church organ; for he would set off at full speed for Dublin, of a summer's morning, with a letter that required haste, and, beating the mail to the capital, (thirty-two Irish miles,) bring back the answer the same night. This activity and industry showed nothing of absolute folly to common observer; but a keen one could see it to be plainly such, when he marked poor Jack's fellow-fools thrive even better than he did, in the ample indulgence of sloth.

Dancing Denny was a mere automaton, who comprehended but one word besides his own name; and if it were not spoken *beside* it, even that, perhaps, would have been beyond his capacity. "Dance Dinny!" was all his best friends ever said to him. And no sooner were the words said, than away he went, like a puppet on wires, but less naturally, pattering in the same spot with his splay feet, frowning at you all the while from a bushy pair of white eyebrows, and matted hair falling thick over his face. His countenance never changed from its lubberly inexpressiveness. He held one hand out *for the money*. He would dance (as it was called) till he dropped, ever until he felt the coin on his palm. Then, "like Mimosa at the touch of mortality," he shrank into himself, wheeled away, and went off in whatever direction chance pointed to, till some fresh amateur called out "Dance Dinny!" when he began again, and so worked away from dawn till dusk, nourished on whatever scraps were offered him, and going off to his father and mother, who lived in a cabin by the river's side, and who, drinking whiskey to the whole amount of Denny's receipts, drove him adrift again in the morning to earn his title to the next night's lodging.

Bill Woods was certainly intended by Nature for a hero. He was a perfect block in point of feeling. All his tastes were military, and he delighted in destruction. He was of a good size, had tolerable features, and would have been good-looking, but for his air of folly. His teeth were brilliantly white; but his most disagreeable peculiarity was an everlasting chuckle and simper, which would have been an absolute grin, had he had understanding enough to enjoy a laugh. He had an undefinable look of feline cruelty—an air of human mousing, if it may be so expressed; was constant in his attendance on all the pickettings, floggings, and executions that took place. He always marched at the head of the yeomanry corps, dressed in a tattered military suit, with an old cocked hat, streaming with faded orange ribbons, a huge cavalry sabre in his hand, and the iron scabbard trailing along the pavement beside him. I have been told that wretches whose torture he witnessed have declared that "they could bear the cat-o'-nine tails better nor Bill Woods's grin;"—and I can understand the feeling.

But that living libel upon mirth or enjoyment was destined to a scene of more revolting exhibition. With hideous violation of all decency, which I hope could find no parallel out of Ireland, or even there, except in those degrading days, which, for the honour of human nature, are gone by, Bill Woods, the fool, was actually appointed to the office of hangman, in a neighbouring county town. Public feeling, however, could not stand the outrage of this miserable being performing openly the last offices to the victims of offended

law and gross misgovernment; and, in the way usual in Ireland when the executioner needs concealment, Bill Woods was enveloped in a blanket whenever he appeared on the scaffold.

Two holes for seeing and one for breathing were cut in this covering; and I can well imagine the horror excited in the dying men, by the sight of those twinkling eyes and that simpering mouth, while his senseless chuckle mixed with their death-prayer, as if some fiend was mowing and chattering, in mockery of their agony.

The many instances of that mixture of madness and folly depending on the influence of drink, and to be judged of by the phases of the whiskey-bottle, cannot be noticed legitimately here. These natural offsprings of Irish excess would fill a large volume of detail. How I could increase and multiply these, from the recollections of my own experience! From Brennan, the house-painter and poet, who used to reel about as the draggle-tailed blackguards pursued him, volleying forth, with a horse laugh, such couplets as—

Rin, ye spalpeens! or 'tis Brinnin 'll scather ye,
An larn ye the differ 'twixt 'salt and batherry!

down' to Sam Long, the slater, a *linear* descendant from one of Cromwell's trumpeters, (most of the intervening ancestors having been hanged,) who roared at times through the streets, in the red-hot fervour of Orangism, "A Papish! A Papish! my hod and trowel for a Papish! Let me teer him an' ait him! an' bale him, an' brile him! A Papish, that I may swally him, body an' bones!"

Poor John King, whom I have reserved for the last of these sketches, because I think his portrait may form a relief to the others, was the most amiable, and, I may say, the most interesting of fools. He was a young man of middle size, regular features, and dark complexion; and the expression of his countenance was so unequivocally good that he won one's pity and sympathy at once. The glazed look of timid kindness, which his face always wore, seemed to have been, as it were, frozen on it by some sudden chill, that had fixed, but could not ruffle, the sentiment it had stolen on by surprise. Poor John King's story was a sad and painful one. Many persons used to take a pleasure in leading him on to tell it himself. This used to be done by a regular train of questions, put by rule and answered by rote: and, when I call to mind the unmoved listlessness with which he performed his part of the colloquy, I am satisfied there was no wanton sporting with sensibility in putting him on this trial. He repeated his oft-rehearsed task as coldly as a trained witness, pocketed the donation of the curious or the charitable, without another word—and walked away.*—*Abridged from the New Monthly Magazine.*

* His story was told, under the title of "The Love Draught," in the "Literary Souvenir" for 1830.

THE RIO VERDE SONG.

[THE name of the Rio Verde (the "Gentle River" of Percy's ballad) will be familiar to every Spanish reader, as associated in song and story with the old romantic wars of the Peninsula.]

Flow, Rio Verde!
In melody flow;
Win her that weepeth
To slumber from woe!
Bid thy wave's music
Roll through her dreams;
Grief ever loveth
The kind voice of streams.
Bear her lone spirit
Afar on the sound,
Back to her childhood,
Her life's fairy ground;
Pass like the whisper
Of love that is gone.—
Flow, Rio Verde,
Softly flow on!
Dark glassy waters,
So crimson'd of yore,
Love, Death, and Sorrow,
Know thy green shore.
Thou should'st have Echoes
For Grief's deepest tone.—
Flow, Rio Verde!
Softly flow on!

New Monthly Magazine.

Retrospective Gleanings.

LETTER OF DR. FRANKLIN.

(Concluded from page 31.)

"I AM perfectly of your mind that measures of great temper are necessary with the *Germans*; and am not without apprehensions that, through their indiscretion, or ours, or both, great disorders may one day arise among us. Those who come hither are generally the most stupid of their own nation, and as ignorance is often attended with credulity, when knavery would mislead it, and with suspicion when honesty would set it right; and as few of the English understand the German language, and so cannot address them either from the press or the pulpit, 'tis almost impossible to remove any prejudices they may entertain. Their clergy have very little influence on the people, who seem to take a pleasure in abusing and discharging the minister on every trivial occasion. Not being used to liberty, they know not how to make a modest use of it." And as Kolben says of the young Hottentots, that they are not esteemed men until they have shown their manhood by *beating their mothers*, so these seem not to think themselves free, till they can feel their liberty in abusing and insulting their teachers. Thus they are under no restraint from ecclesiastical government; they behave, however, submissively enough, at present, to the *civil* government, which I wish they may continue to do, for I remember when they modestly declined intermeddling in our *elections*, but now they come in droves and carry all before them, except in one or two counties. Few of their children in the country know English. They import

many books from Germany; and of the six printing-houses in the provinces, two are entirely German, two half German, half English, and but two entirely English. They have one German newspaper, and one half German. Advertisements intended to be general, are now printed in Dutch and English. The signs in our streets have inscriptions in both languages, and in some places only German. They begin of late to make all their bonds, and other legal instruments in their own language, which (though, I think, it ought not to be) are allowed good in our courts, where the German business so increases, that there is continued need of interpreters; and, I suppose, in a few years, they will also be necessary in the Assembly to tell one half of our legislators what the other half say. In short, unless the stream of their importation could be turned from this to other colonies, as you very judiciously propose, they will soon so outnumber us, that all the advantages we have, will, in my opinion, be not able to preserve our language, and even our government will become precarious. The French, who watch all advantages, are now themselves making a German settlement, back of us in the Illinois country, and by means of these Germans they may, in time, come to an understanding with ours; and, indeed, in the last war, our Germans showed a general disposition that seemed to bode us no good. For when the English, who were not Quakers, alarmed by the danger arising from the defenceless state of our country, entered unanimously into an association, and within this government and the low countries, raised, armed, and disciplined near ten thousand men, the Germans, except a very few in proportion to their number, refused to engage in it: giving out, one amongst another, and even in print, that if they were quiet, the French, should they take the country, would not molest them; at the same time abusing the Philadelphians for fitting out privateers against the enemy: and representing the trouble, hazard, and expense of defending the province, as a greater inconvenience than any that might be expected from a change of government. Yet I am not for refusing to admit them entirely into our colonies. All that seems to me necessary is, to distribute them more equally, mix them with the English, establish English schools, where they are now too thick settled; and take some care to prevent the practice lately fallen into by some of the ship-owners of sweeping the German gaols to make up the number of their passengers. I say I am not against the admission of Germans in general, for they have their virtues;—their industry and frugality is exemplary. They are excellent husbandmen; and contribute greatly to the improvement of a country.

"I pray God to preserve long to Great

Britain the English laws, manners, liberties, and religion. Notwithstanding the complaints so frequent in your public papers, of the prevailing corruption and degeneracy of the people, I know you have a great deal of virtue still subsisting among you; and I hope the Constitution is not so near a dissolution, as some seem to apprehend. I do not think you are generally become such slaves to your vices as to draw down the justice Milton speaks of, when he says, that" * * *

[Here most unfortunately at this critical juncture, when the imagination is worked up to the highest pitch, to hear, upon our future destinies, the apprehensions of Franklin, in the words of Milton, the *manuscript* breaks off abruptly, nor will the remainder, it is probable, be ever recovered. What is the passage, curiosity eagerly inquires, which Franklin was about to quote? I take it, beyond all question, to be this:

Yet sometimes nations will decline so low
From virtue, which is reason, that no wrong
But justice, and some fatal curse annex'd.
Deprives them of their outward liberty,
Their inward lost.

P. Lost, xii. 97.

Franklin, at the date of this letter, must have been in the full vigour of his powers, and forty-seven years old.]

A HINT TO SUPPRESS GIN DRINKING.

In the year 1736, there was written, "An Heroic-comic-tragical Farce," called "The Deposing and Death of Queen Gin."

"This little burlesque piece, which is not (says Baker) devoid of humour, was acted at the New Theatre in the Haymarket. The design of it is founded on an Act of Parliament, whereby an additional duty was laid on malt spirits, and the retailing of spirituous liquors of any kind prohibited to the distillers; by which means the pernicious practice that the commonality of England, and more particularly of this great metropolis, had been for some time infatuated with, of drinking great quantities of the worst and most pernicious kind of spirit distilled from malt, under the name of gin, was at once greatly checked; and at length, by means of different acts, entirely put an end to. The principal characters in the piece are—Queen Gin, the Duke of Rum, the Marquis of Nantz, and Lord Sugar Cane."—Author anonymous.

P. T. W.

Spirit of Discovery.

THE NIGER EXPEDITION.
[The intelligence of Lander, at the close of the description of the Alburkha, in the last number of the *Mirror*, is correct, as will be seen by the following extract from a letter of Richard Lander to his brother, in the *Literary Gazette*, of last Saturday.]

You know that when we were here toge-

ther, Abucco, chief of Damuggoo, had been at variance for several years with his brother, the ruler of Attà. On arriving at the former place from the coast, I was sorry to find the brothers, with their respective subjects, still engaged in that petty but obstinate and ferocious warfare which had distinguished the quarrel at its commencement. Determined, if possible, to effect a reconciliation between them, I prevailed on our old friend Abucco to accompany me to Attà, promising to introduce him to his brother, and pledging my life for his safety. The meeting took place on the 22nd of November, and a highly interesting one it was, I assure you. Our party, preceded by Jowdie and a few drummers, were introduced into a large square inclosure. The chief, seated on a kind of throne, was surrounded by all his mallams, and a multitude of his attendants. His wives were seated under a veranda, from which were suspended several handsome Turkey carpets, which served them for a screen. Abucco instinctively drew back as he approached the throne, but, taking him by the hand, I led, or rather pulled, him towards his brother. At this moment his confidence seemed to have forsaken him entirely; his head hung down on his breast, and I could feel him tremble violently. Whilst I was displaying my presents to the chief of Attà, I perceived him several times bestow a hasty and displeased look on his brother, who had disengaged himself from my hand, and was sitting on the ground. Though seven years had elapsed since their last meeting, neither of the rulers uttered a word. The curiosity of the chief of Attà having in some measure been gratified, I immediately introduced his brother to his notice, by paying him a high compliment, which Abucco had certainly deserved. I then expressed the regret I felt on witnessing the bad effects of the misunderstanding which had existed between them for so many years; insisted on the necessity of brothers living together in harmony; and said, I was determined not to quit the spot until I had established a perfect reconciliation between them. The chief was extremely disconcerted, but he made no reply. I then desired Abucco to rise, and leading him to his brother, I took the right hand of each, and pressing both hands together, made them shake hands heartily, observing—“ You are now friends, and may God keep you so.” The brothers were deeply affected, and neither of them could utter a syllable for several seconds afterwards. Every countenance beamed with delight at the happy termination of the interview, and the multitude gave vent to their feelings in a loud, long, and general shout. For my part, I need not say, I cannot tell the heartfelt gratification I felt at that moment. But this is not the most important good that I have been

the humble means of effecting at this place. From time immemorial it has been a custom with the rulers of Attà to sacrifice human beings on rejoicing days, and on all public occasions. At the interview which I have just described to you, two poor creatures were brought before us to be slain, in order that their blood might be sprinkled about the yard. I shuddered at the proposal, and begged with earnestness that nothing of the kind might be done. I assured the chief, he would one day have to give an account to God of every life he might wantonly destroy; and also made him sensible, that though after death his body would moulder into dust, his soul would live for ever, and that it would be happy or miserable in proportion to the good or bad actions he had performed, or might yet perform, in this world. The chief was evidently much affected at my words, and desired his followers to unbind the intended victims, and remove them from the yard. He then made a solemn promise to put an end to the custom of sacrificing human beings. As soon as this declaration was made known to the mallams, and the crowd of attendants in the yard, they all held up their hands in token of approbation, and shouted for joy. It is now seven or eight months since this promise was made, and I am happy to say that it has been religiously kept.

The Gatherer.

Bishop Ruthall.—Ruthall was bishop of Durham in the reign of Henry VIII., and was in great favour with that monarch, who made him a privy counsellor, and employed him in important business, both at home and abroad. He was ordered by that prince to draw up an account of the royal revenues, which he accordingly did. At the same time, he took an estimate of his own riches, and, binding them in vellum, he laid up both together. Unfortunately for him, when Henry sent Cardinal Wolsey for the royal estimate, the servant, by mistake, delivered the bishop's—which the cardinal (though he was apprized of the mistake, being jealous of the bishop) presented to the king, telling him it would inform him where to apply when he wanted money, for the bishop was the richest subject in the kingdom, it appearing by this account that he was worth 100,000L.—a vast sum for a private person to possess at that time. When the bishop discovered the error his servant had committed, it had so great an effect upon him, that his uneasiness threw him into a disorder which put a period to his life. He died at London, Feb. 4, 1522; and is buried in St. John's Chapel, in Westminster Abbey.

W. G. C.

Sagittarius.—This is one of the twelve signs of the zodiac, and was borne by King Stephen of England, on account of his entering the kingdom when the sun was in that sign, when he obtained great victory by the help of his archers; he accordingly took for his arms the said sign, and left off bearing both the arms of his father, Stephen, Earl of Champaine, and his grandfather, William the Conqueror.

White Elephants.—In many of the eastern countries, white elephants are regarded as the living *manes* of the Indian emperors. Each of these animals has a palace, a number of domestics, golden vessels filled with the choicest food, magnificent garments, and they are absolved from all labour and servitude. The Emperor is the only personage before whom they bow the knee, and their salute is returned by the monarch.

Amongst the ancient Persians, when they went to war, every man cast an arrow into a chest provided for the purpose, and placed before the throne of their king; and at their return, every one took his own shaft, that so by the number of arrows remaining, the number of the deceased might be known.

Refusing to kiss the Pope's toe.—Harrington, the celebrated political writer, when at Rome, refused at a public ceremony, to kiss the Pope's toe; and when blamed, in the presence of his own king, for this want of attention to foreign customs, he replied, that having had the honour of kissing his majesty's hand, he thought it beneath him to kiss the toe of any other sovereign,

Ancient name for Tailor.—*Snyde*, in the ancient Saxon language, signified to cut; *snydee*, a cutter, being our ancient name for a tailor, till we took the name *tailleur* from the French, having the same signification.

Tartars and the Owl.—Chingis Khan, the first Tartarian emperor, being defeated in an engagement, and seeing himself closely pursued, crept into a bush to hide himself, where he was no sooner laid, than an owl perched upon the top of it; which when the pursuers saw, they neglected the search of that bush, supposing no man was there where so timorous a bird sat securely; by which means Chingis preserved his life, in memory thereof, the Tartars hold an owl in great veneration.

Cardinal's Hat.—Pope Innocent IV. ordained that cardinals should wear red hats, whereby he would signify that those who entered into that order ought to expose themselves even to the shedding of their blood and hazard of their lives, in the defence of ecclesiastical liberty.

Ermine.—Ermine, in heraldry, is black spots on a white field. Sir George MacKenzie says, the first user of this fur in arms was Brutus, the son of Silvius, who having

by accident killed his father, left that unhappy ground, and travelling in Bretagne, in France, fell asleep, and when he awoke, he found this little beast upon his shield, and from that time wore a shield *ermine*.

Egyptian Year.—Volney tells us:—"The Egyptians represented the year by a palm-tree, and the month by one of its branches; because it is the nature of the tree to produce a branch every month."

Hiaxtaotomechom.—This is the name of a Chinese plant, the root of which is said to change, at a certain time, into a worm. M. Reaumur has given it the name of *plante ver* in the French, but he discovered the error of supposing such a transformation; the whole truth of the case being, that a certain caterpillar, when about to change into the chrysalis state, so nicely joins itself to the root of this plant, as to appear a part of it.

Origin of the Spread Eagle.—The spread eagle signifies an eagle with two heads. Porney tells us the reason why the Emperor of Germany bears an eagle with two heads, viz. "On the union of the kingdom of Romania, its arms, which were an eagle displayed sable, being the same as those of the Emperor, were united into one body, leaving it two necks as they are now. Charlemagne was the first Emperor of Germany, and added the second head to the eagle for his arms."

P. T. W.

It appears that of 18,300 independent schools in the United Kingdom, free of the control of ancient Statutes or Committees, Latin or Greek is professed in 3,100; French, in 5,720; Phillips's Interrogative System, 6,150, and partially in about 5,400: the Monitor system of Bell and Lancaster, in 1,450; mathematics in 1,200; German or Italian, in 1,800; drawing, in 2,200; and the Hamiltonian System, in 430.—*Morning Herald*.

The following remarkable inscription, carved in very rude characters, a little resembling the church text upon a monumental stone, was discovered a few years since, buried in the ruins of Llanbedder Castle, in Radnorshire:—"Theire is butte ounne Godde, and he is unversaile; Godde is Godde, howevrre you worshipe himme; and he is a true worshipperre who auetethe kindlie in the eie of the Lordde, who reignethe bove the skie." W. G. C.

ERRATUM.—In the *Supplement Sketch* of Captain Ross it is stated that the Captain proceeded to Rotterdam in the Isabella, whereas he was taken on board the steamer, when the Isabella was within twelve miles of the port of Hull.

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